POEMS
ON THE
Royal Family.

In quo vera Dei vivensque illucet imago.
BUCH.

POEMS

ON THE

Royal Family.

Britannia Triumphans:

In Four PARTS;

Part I. PAN a Paſtoral.
Part II. Magnalia.
Part III. Panegyrick on the Royal Family.
Part IV. Genethliacons; Or the Saphick Muſe.

Sacred to XXVIII MAY;

The ANNIVERSARY for the High and Mighty PRINCE's Birth, GEORGE LEWIS, by the Grace of GOD, and Laws of Heaven and Earth, KING of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, Grand-ſon to the King of *Bohemia*, Great-grand-ſon to JAMES I. and VI. King of *Scotland*, &c. Electoral Prince of *Hanover*, Duke of *Brunſwick*, *Lunenburg*, *Zell*, and *Bremen*, Lord *Oſnaburg*, Heretable *Standart-Bearer* of the *Roman Empire*, &c. &c. &c.

By ALEXANDER PENNECUIK, Gent.

Hæc tibi ſemper erunt & cum ſolennia vota.

Virg. *Ec.* v.

Hæc eſt illa dies, quæ magni conſcia partus,
Lucanum populis & tibi polla dedit.

Mart.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by John Moſman and William Brown for the Author, and ſold by the ſaid WILLIAM BROWN and JOHN MARTIN, MDCCXVIII.
[Price 4 Pence.]



Unto the Right Honourable, and truly Noble,

THOMAS

EARL of HADDINGTOUN, &c.

MY LORD,

I HAVE presum'd to inscribe the following Poems to your Lordship: Your known Zeal against Jacobitism, *steady Adherence to our* King *and* Country's *Interest, when both were in imminent Danger; Your bright Genius, manly Flights, and unimitable Strokes of Wit and Poetry, justifies my Choice, and renders You a proper* Mecænas.

My Affection to my dear Sovereign, *the best of* Monarchs, *and of* Men, *was my only Motive in writing, to give a Part of his just Character, traduced by the lifeless* Pasquils *of the* Jacks. *May it please your Lordship to vouchsafe it Your Protection, and pardon the Presumption of the Author, who is, with the greatest Sincerity,*

MY LORD,

Your Lordships great Admirer,

and obedient humble Servant

ALEX. PENNECUIK.

SPEAKERS;

COLIN,	Rox.
MYLINDOR,	Roth.
ADONIS,	Had.
DIDON,	Bel.

Chorus.

PAN,

A

PASTORAL.

COLIN.

HAIL happy Day, on which pleas'd Heav'n doth ſmile,
Auſpicious Day which ſav'd our ſinking Iſle.
Aurora leap from *Titan*'s wat'ry Bed,
Thy benign Beams, thro' the wide Ball to ſpread;
Fair *Phœbus* ſhine with an unuſual Robe,
Double your Light, and gladen all the Globe:
Ye *Quiriſters* of th' Air, break thro' your Reſt,
Tune your ſhrill Throats, and flicker from the Neſt,
Mount towards Heav'n, and chirle your chearful Lays,
To mighty PAN, our *God* and *Guardian*'s praiſe.

MYLINDOR.

Draw nigh ye airy *Nymphs*, ye light-foot *Swains*,
Who dance *Levaltoes* on the flow'ry Plains;
Forſake your Flocks, in Throngs come ſport and play,
This is your great God, PAN's *Feſtival Day*;

PAN,

PAN, who directs our *Kids* on dang'rous Rocks,
PAN, the great *Guardian* of our Fields and Flocks,
With Sacrifice to him, our Altars smokes:
He feeds the Suckling and the aged Dam,
Kills the voracious Wolf, would touch the Lamb:
The parched Turf he moistens with the Rain,
Brings to the Fold the Straglers of the Plain,
Tune Oaten Reeds, come trip it on the Ground;
Let ecchoing Rocks reverberate the Sound:
Whilst scaly Flocks on Oozy Beds do play,
Syrens and *Mer-maids* keep the holy Day.

DIDON.

Ocker and *Aller*, with your Silver Streams,
Join in the Consort with our Northern *Thames*,
And when your rapid Floods meet in the Sea,
Cause *Neptune* keep the high Solemnitie,
Thro' all his wat'ry Courts the News convey,
A joyful Noise be heard from *Tyber* to the *Tay*.

COLIN.

Be hush'd ye noisy Winds, blow round ye balmy Breez,
In soft Notes tell your Gladness to the Trees:
The *Cedar* and the *Shrub*, no longer shall be dumb,
The Trees a *Vocal Forrest* shall become:
The aged sapless Oak, a fresh shall Bud,
New Blossoms shall embroider all the Wood.
Of old, as sacred Pages speaks the Thing,
Trees met in *Parliament* to choose their King;
The *Jacks* prevail'd, the silly *Shrub* must Reign,
But ye shall choose our *Cedar* for your King.
The Lion and the Lamb shall make their Bed,
Under the Covert of his awful Shade,
To shun the stormy Blasts or scalding Heat;
The Sheepherds find his Boughs a bless'd Retreat,
All rest Secure, under his warming Wings,
But his *Britannia* calls him best of *Kings*.

MYLIN-

MYLINDOR.

In *Flora*'s rich Attire be deck'd y' enamel'd Meads,
Ye Flowers with vernal Airs erect your baſhful Heads,
Mountains and Vales, a greener Liv'ry wear,
All Nature in a wedding Pomp appear:
And with this gladſome Day let us begin our Year.

DIDON.

Approach blyth *Bacchus*, with thy jolly Face,
Let your big belly'd *Orgies*, take their Place;
We'll conſecrate thy Blood, to this high Feaſt,
Come *Bacchus*, and be, St. *Cæcilia*'s Gueſt:
Muſick and *Wine* ſhall heighten our Delight,
We'll gambole all the Day and revell all the Night:
Env'ying Angels ſhall the Gladneſs ſee,
Forſake their bleſs'd Abodes to keep the Jubilee;
We'll mingle Voices with the ſacred Throng,
And PAN ſhall be the Burthen of the Song;
We'll borrow *Anthems* from the heav'nly Train,
Which ſhall be learn'd and ſung by every Swain;
Seraphick Notes, expreſſive of our Love,
Angels and *Men* ſhall Sing, and Heav'n approve.

COLIN.

On *Forth*'s Meanders the departing Swan,
Turns glade, and ſings her dying Notes to PAN;
From golden Beds the wanton Fiſh do leap,
Wild Savages on Earth, Sea Monſters in the Deep:
Nature with Pomp, the darling Day doth keep,
The Noiſe awakes, *Apelles* from his ſleep;
Rouz'd with the Joy, he'll ſtart to Life again,
And in immortal Colours draw the Scene.

MYLINDOR.

Behold! *Adonis* in yon Myrtle Shade,
Whoſe Angel Voice, makes dying Lovers glade,
He ſings the Battles won, and how the *Rebel* fled:
Tells, valiant Heroes, tam'd the ſtubborn Crew,
And made the conquer'd trembling Rebels bow.
Hear how *Adonis* Sings.

ADONIS.

Fam'd PAN's weak *Rival* viſited the *Tay*,
Sight and Slept,
Sight and Weept,
Weept and ſnak'd away:
Groves do Ring,
Sheepherds Sing,
PAN, our King,
PAN, hath won the Day.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy, KING;
Only the Brave deſerve to Reign.

MAG-

MAGNALIA,
A
STATE POEM.

By the ſame Hand.

O Were my Muſe, inſpir'd with ſacred Flame,
To ſing the Race from whence our Monarch came,
But how ſhall I perform the wondrous Task,
Which doth a *Saluſt*, or *Buchanan* ask;
Shall I turn publick Herauld, and proclaim
His *Syres*'s Deeds, and his unſpotted Fame,
Born in a Land, not honour'd with his Birth,
Blazon his Coat, diſplay it to the Earth:
What Pen, his noble Anceſtors can trace,
The *Normand* GWELPH, and the FERGUSIAN Race,
His Families were ancient, great and good,
From him the nobleſt Kings derive their Blood;
As well might I deſcribe, for where's the odds,
The Riſe of *Jupiter*, and remnant Gods:
Elder than Records, as by all confeſt,
Like Gods, they were known, by their Bleſſings beſt.
One thouſand and three hundred Years ago,
As Documents and Antiquaries ſhow;

Our

Our Monarch's Royal Anceſtors did ſpring,
As learned *Baptiſta* proves from *Volſcis* King,
Who did, as Vicar o're the *Italian* Empire reign.
Baptiſta Pigna, faithfully expreſt,
The Riſe and Progreſs of the Houſe of *Eſt*,
From whence ev'n *Actius*'s Loins great *Alba*'s King,
Azo, his Progenitor did ſpring.
No! my weak Pen can't tell his Pedegree,
Baptiſta, I muſt leave the Theme to thee:
Do you relate the Actions of the dead,
From whom our mighty Monarch doth proceed.
Whilſt I go on, his Greatneſs to relate,
Whom God hath ſent to rule the *Britiſh* State.

Proceed my Muſe, reſume the lofty Theme,
Sing Him who wears the *Britiſh* Diadem,
Th' aſtoniſh'd World beheld him mount the Throne,
With Tears the *Jacks*, and *Jeſuits* look'd on:
No Arm durſt lend its Strength to tot'ring *Babylon*.
Proud *Pharaoh* fell, who did Deſign t'oppoſe,
Silence, and Palſie, ſeiz'd ſurviving Foes,
Winds waft o're peaceful Seas the royal Barque,
Proud of the Truſt, to bear the ſacred Ark:
Waves ſmoothly roll him to his *Albion*'s Shore,
As they their Adm'ral, *Naſſau*, did before;
The Floods, with awful Nod, take their farewel,
And haſte to *Neptun*'s Courts, the News to tell,
To the great God, their welcome Tidings bring,
Greenwich from us receiv'd *Britannia*'s King:
We wiſht him happy on his *Engliſh* Ground,
And all the Hopes of *Jacobites* we drown'd;
Neptune approv'd, Commands, and they obey,
Go, and proclaim him *Sovereign* of the Sea.
This is my *Royal Law*, Let it be done,
Acquaint the riſing and the ſetting Sun;
Firſt viſit *Clyde*, and tell *Dumbartoun* this,
Is not the *Clyde* as well as *Aller* his?

No

No moe than Two, upon the Sea ſhall reign,
Neptune ſhall be its God, and GEORGE its King;
Publiſh my Edict the old World through,
And when that's done, go tell it to the new;
Eaſt and weſt *Indies*, where his Subjects Trade,
Let ev'ry Soul and Colony be glade.
Ye faithful *Vaſſals* liſten unto me,
Thro' the wide Ocean publiſh the Decree,
I'm with my Brother *Eolus* combin'd,
(As I the Waters rule, ſo he the Wind.)
That no fierce Blaſt, with angry Billow meet,
T' endanger *England*'s Merchant on the Deep,
Or fatal prove to brave *Britannia's* Fleet.
Smooth be your Brow, let no bold Billow rore,
Bring them with Smiles and Safety to the Shore;
See that your violent Fury you reſtrain,
For *Eolus* will keep back his *Hurricane*,
Spend all your Strength on *Britain*'s Enemy,
Your Boſom be their *Grave*, and Shame their *Elegy*.
Thus ſpoke the mighty God with awful Voice,
The flinty Rock ſplit with the thundring Noiſe;
The loyal Waves with reverence kiſs'd the Sand,
And ſaid Amen, unto the God's Command.
'Twas not the Sea alone expreſs'd its Mirth,
Loud Acclamations ecchoed from the Earth;
For Joy *Britannia* and *Hibernia* ſung,
Thro' all the *Belgian* Plain loud Anthems rung,
Smiles dimpled ev'ry Cheek, Mirth ſat on ev'ry Brow,
The *Harp* play'd ſweet, its free of Diſcord now.
The *Thiſtle*, which 'mongſt Weeds no longer grows,
Newly united to the fragrant *Roſe*,
To ſmart the Hand which would its Siſter pluck,
More beautiful than *Fleur de Lis* doth look:
With ruddy Cheeks, and odorif'rous Smell,
The *Roſe* doth joy in ſilent Language tell,
Lifts up her painted Face unto the Sky,
And ſhews her *Scarlets* of the *Tyrian* Dy:

Each

Each Flower grew gayer, when it heard the Tale,
Only the *Lily* wore a deeper Pale:
Truth in the Field, her *Standart* did diſplay,
Religion gliſter'd, in a rich Array;
The *Sacred Tribe*, bliſs Heav'n with open Face,
All loyal Souls croud to the holy Place,
Adore th' unfathom'd Riches of its Grace.
Joy reign'd triumphant thro' the *Halcyon* Plain,
Until a viprous *Monſter* ſpoil'd the Scene,
Then War broke out, and daſh'd the Joy again.
'Twas on *Dumblana*'s Heaths, near the *meandring Forth*,
Fierce Rebels from the *North*,
The *Chevalier* to crown,
And God-like GEORGE pull down,
With impious Arms broke forth,
Fond to fluce their Blood they are,
Follow their Leader, *Proteous Mar*
Factious in *Peace*, unskill'd in Fates of *War*.
But Heav'n defeated all the Plots of Hell,
King GEORGE's Arms did all their Strength repell,
Infatuated Fools, they either fled or fell.

A PANEGYRICK ON THE Royal Family.

By Alexander Pennecuik, Gent.

Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

Virg.

EDINBURGH,
Printed in the Year MDCCXVIII.

A

PANEGYRICK

ON THE

Royal Family.

A PANEGYRICK ON THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Semper honos nomenque tuum laudeſque manebunt.
Virg.

ANgels and Saints, ſalute the bliſsful Morn, [born.
On which Great GEORGE *Britannia's* King was
With him no impious Maxims do take Place,
No Rebel rules, no Loy'liſt in Diſgrace.
Grateful to Heav'n, from whom his Mercies flow,
And ſcatters Favours 'mongſt his Friends below.
O noble *Stewart!* Born for *Britain's* Good,
The beſt and braveſt of the *Stewart* Blood.
Bad *Stewarts* did our Miſeries advance,
Gave up the Keys, and ſold us all to *France.*
Famiſh'd the Houſe into a deep Decay,
Then, like th' unfaithful *Stewart*, run away.
Britain hath ſeen, thank *God*, theſe Days are gone,
When lawleſs Pow'r uſurpt the *Britiſh* Throne.
And blind Obedience fill'd the holy Chair,
No Weapons then approv'd ſave Tears and Pray'r.
But when th' anointed *Levie's* Sons did touch,
They ſoon grew *Whigs*, join'd with the rebel *Dutch*;
Call'd *Non-reſiſting* Principles falſe Coin,
Drew Sword, and fought their *Monarch* at the *Boyne.*

Juſt

Juſt GEORGE employs his Sword in Heav'ns Cauſe,
And wiſely ſways by *Britain's* ſacred Laws.
He rul'd his *German* Subjects by our Law,
Ere yet the *Britiſh* Diadem he ſaw.
He did theſe native Principles maintain,
Which make a happy and a glorious Reign:
His ſteddy Temper to the World is known,
He makes a dazling Figure on the Throne.
Strong Penetration in his *Schemes* appear,
Tho' deep his Judgment, his Expreſſion clear:
And boldly executes, incapable of Fear.
The Series of his Succeſs who can tell,
His fam'd Atchievements would to Volumes ſwell.
He with unshaken Temper always rules,
And mocks the Projects of the giddy Fools.
He learn'd to love *Britannia* from his Youth,
Sage Counſels dropt from wiſe *Sophia's* Mouth,
Which taught him all the Rudiments of Truth.
The Fruit of theſe rich Prophecies appears,
His Mother taught him in his tender Years.
Fit Words like * *Lemuel's* Mother ſhe did chooſe,
To him her Son, the Son of many Vows.
His military Glories brightly ſhine,
He's more than Man, he's ev'ry Way divine,
His Valour which ſubdued the Force of Hell,
Let *Hungary*, and the *Morea* tell,
Where *Cæſar* like, he triumph'd o're the Foe,
Made trepide Troops to feel his weighty Blow,
Flanders and *Germany*, his Praiſe proclaim,
The *German Eagle* ſpreads his glorious Name;
True Heir of all his Predeceſſors Grace,
Virtues inherent in the *Brunſwick* Race.
Three of his Brethren, whom the World admir'd,
Whom Courage, Zeal, and publick Sp'rit inſpir'd,
In the Defence of their dear Country ſtood,
And died with Honour, in the Field of Blood.

Britain

* Prov. x. 11.

Britain, thrice triſted with a barren Reign,
Doth now enjoy a rich prolifick King;
When full of Years, and Honours, he is dead,
His Son, the great AUGUSTUS, ſhall ſucceed,
O Heav'n, rain laſting Honours on his Head.
Indulgent Heav'n, on the dear *Hero* ſmile,
The riſing Glory of the *Britiſh* Iſle:
Guard *Europe*'s Genius, all ye heav'nly Powers,
In War protect him, for his Cauſe is yours;
He'll raze the *Babel* Monſter to the Ground,
With Lawrels let the *Hero*'s Head be crown'd.
At *Aud'nard* he did laſting *Trophies* gain;
His Country's Good fermented ev'ry Vain,
He look'd like *Eugine* in the red Campaign.
Sweet *Olive-Branches* do his Table grace,
The fertile *Wilhelmina*'s lovely Race,
In her fair Face, a Heav'n of Beauty lies,
Bright as the Beams, which gilds the Eaſtern Skies;
With thouſand Charms, blooms like an Eaſtern Bride,
Britannia's Glory, and her Sexes Pride:
Homer records in never dying Song,
A Troop of *Godeſſes*, a ſacred Throng,
Whoſe dazling Beauty ſtruck the wond'ring Croud,
Jupiter's Virgin Daughter 'mongſt them ſtood,
Diſtinguiſh'd by her Stature, and her Air,
Of th' aimiable Circle, none ſo fair;
No Wonder, *Walias Princes* was not there.
When 'mongſt the *Britiſh* Ladies ſhe is ſeen,
The Strangers Lips, proclaim her lovely Queen:
When the *King*'s *Daughter*, the *Illuſtrious Fair*,
'Mongſt her *honourable Women* doth appear,
Each Eye beholds her, and it fixes there.
Whilſt in her greener Years, and Father's Court,
Her Rays of Beauty, and Majeſtick Port,
A Troop of *Royal Lovers* to her drew,
And made the *Empire* at her Feet to bow.

Fall

Fall *whorish Babel*, fall, to lowest Hell,
King GEORGE's House doth ring thy funeral Bell;
These rising Stars shall bless *Britannia*'s Isle,
And Torches prove to light thy funeral Pile.
Near *Ocker*'s christal Streams, and pearly Sands,
Where BRUNO's Buildings, beauteous *Brunswick* stands,
(Like ancient *Antioch*, famous thro' the Earth,)
Reforming *Luther*'s Principles, took Birth:
Heav'n and Duke *Brunswick*, on the Saint did smile,
And sent the *Gospel*, to the *British* Isle;
Shiloch on *Albion*'s Clime darts Rays of Light,
A blooming Morn succeeds the dusky Night;
Heav'n waters *Luther*'s Evangelick Seed,
Manna drops down, to bliss the Banks of *Tweed*.
Rome storm'd, and strove to quench the Altar Coal,
Pull down the Sun, which lights our Northern Pole,
She struggled long in vain, Heav'n blasts the black Design-
Still *Salem*'s Courts with Orient Lusture shines. [s,
But when ungrateful *Britain* did rebel,
She from her Beauty, and her Grandeur fell;
Sathan and *Rome* her Captive make again,
Till Heav'n-born *Nassau* broke th' Usurper's Chain;
Conquer'd our Foes, became our sovereign Lord,
Religion, Laws, and Liberties restor'd:
He sway'd the Scepter with immortal Fame,
Gray Hairs, and stam'ring Babes, shall bless his Name.
Legions of burning *Seraphs* watch his Dust,
Until the Resurrection of the Just:
His precious Dust, who *Britain*'s Isle did save,
Let all the Earth pay Homage to his Grave.
He dies! whom Heav'n approv'd, and Earth admir'd;
And with him all our Hope and Joy expir'd.
We droop the Head, the fatal Loss bemoan,
Who'll fight for *Britain*, when her *William*'s gone?
And Death hath pull'd mild *Anna* from the Crown:
Lo, mighty *Brunswick* mounts the *British* Throne,

Defended

Defended by the Magick of his Rays,
We'll ſing beneath our Vines with chearful Lays,
Long live *King* GEORGE, and ſtill thy Power advance,
Till you make good your Title, King of *France*;
Still greater grow, till all the World ſee,
No other *Monarch* of the Earth, ſave thee.

The Saphick MUSE.

The matchleſs Virtues of Britannia's King,
My Muſe ſhall in ſtrong Saphick Numbers ſing.

*B*Ritains Bleſſing, Faiths Defender,
Thee we'll hearty Homage render;
And Abjure black *Romes Pretender*,
And the *Tory*;

Let the *Rebels* ſtill be ſnarling
Round thy Brows, we'll wreath the Garland;
Thou art Heav'n and *Europe's* Darling,
And our Glory.

Thou'rt our *Guardian* under GOD,
Thou has fought for Peace abroad,
Rome hath felt thy conquering Rod,
By Correction.

Thou art ſprung of noble Race,
Majeſty is in thy Face,
Thou poſſeſſes ev'ry Grace,
In Perfection.

Fierce Courage ſits upon thy Brow,
And the Father's Smilings too:
Streams of Wiſdom flow from you,
To direct us.

Kings ſubmit their Claims to Thee,
(Author of our Libertie;)
Thy Deciſions Heavn's Decree,
Thou'lt protect us.

Still

Still with unrival'd Glory shine,
Gallick and *Belgick* Pow'r do join,
To support thy Royal Line,
With Grandure.

Great *Standard-Bearer* of th' Empire,
(Valour doth thy Breast inspire)
Warlike Nations thee admire,
'Bove *Alexander*.

ANNEXA.

In him three glorious *Dukedoms* reunite,
Brunswick, *Hanover*, and by Nuptial Rite,
Zell calls him Master, and her dear Delight.
To make the good, the gallant GEORGE rise higher,
His *Breman* and his *Osnaburg* conspire.
Three mighty manly Nations him obey,
O're them the imperial Scepter he doth Sway;
His numerous Subjects scatter'd thro' the Land,
Are like the Sars of Heav'n or th' Oceans Sand:
Scotland, *England*, *Ireland* owns his Pow'r,
His Seed shall Reign whilst Sun and Moon endure.
My Muse doth this prophetick Vision sing,
From *Fredrick's* Loins a numerous Race shall spring,
Who shall in *Europe* and in *Asia* Reign.
Fredrick the Grace, and Glory of the Age,
His buding Youth doth Miracles presage.
Prince *Fredrick*, visit *Scotia*, on her Smile,
Thy Presence shall her Poverty beguile.
Let *Fredrick's* Feet th' *Ult'ma Thule* tread,
Her frozen Checks shall glow with Crimson red,
Nor envy *England* with her *Indian* Trade.
Rude *England* doth, thy *Royal Parents* keep,
Let *Scotia* have Thee for a *Royal Type*,
Shine on us *blazing Star*, or we're undone,
For half an Age we have not seen the *Sun*,
Warm'd with the distant Rayes, we're still alive,
A Royal *Stem* would surely make us Thrive.

FINIS.

GREAT Good and Wiſe, the Terror of the Pope,
E *Ngland*'s Glory, and the Church's Prop:
OF Kings the greateſt, and of Men the beſt;
R Eligion fills thy Heart, and fires thy Breaſt:
G Lorious Actions do adorn thy Reign,
E Ternal Honour courts *Britannia*'s King.

LO at thy Feet the conquer'd Rebels bow,
EV'n Heav'n approves, and ſhines on all you do,
WIth Courage, yet with Clemency you reign:
IMmortal Monarch *Britain*'s glorious King,
SOngs of thy Praiſe, *Apolo*'s Bards ſhall ſing.

GREAT Good and Wise, the Terror of the Deep,
England's Glory, and the Church's Prop:
Of Kings the greatest, and of Men the best;
Religion this thy Heart, and fires thy Breast:
Glorious Actions do adorn thy Reign,
Eternal Honour crowns Britannia's King.

LO at thy Feet the conquer'd Rebels bow,
Ev'n Heav'n approves, and thines on all you do,
With Courage, yet with Clemency you reign,
Magnanimous Monarch, Britain's glorious King,
Sons of thy Fame shall Annals full sing,

GALE AMS 50